Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whilſt hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the walls will ſtand till they fall of them-ſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Iome* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little little leſſe then little witte from them that they haue: which ſhort-armd Ignorance it ſelfe knowes is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a ſpider, without drawing their maſſie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curſe depending on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers, and diuell Enuie ſay *Amen.* What ho my Lord *Achilles?*

Patrocl. Whoſe there? *Therſites?* good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Therſ. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou couldſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuenew: Heauen bleſſe thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if ſhe that layes thee out ſayes thou art not a faire courſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't, ſhee neuer ſhrowded any but lazars. *Amen.* Where's *Achilles?*

Patro. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in prayer?

Therſ. I the heauens heare me.

Patro. Amen. *Enter* Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. *Therſites* my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheeſe,

cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſerued thy ſelfe into my table, ſo many meales, come what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, whats *Achilles?*

Patro. Thy Lord *Therſites.* Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Therſites?*

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou muſt tell that knoweſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it ſuffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliſſ: Neſtor, Diomed, Aiax & Calcas.

Achil. Come *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

Agam. Where is *Achilles?*

Patro. Within his tent, but ill diſpoſd my Lord.

Aga. Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere,
He ſate our meſſengers and we lay by,
Our appertainings, viſiting of him
Let him be to'd ſo, leaſt perchance he thinke,
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patro. I ſhall ſay ſo to him.

Vliſſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his tent,
He is not ſick.

Aiax. Yes Lion ſick, ſick of proud heart, you may call it